

[What happens in the auxiliary wardrobe, stays in the auxiliary wardrobe.](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

On a calm afternoon aboard the Revenge, Stede indulges Ed's newfound interest in fashion with another trip to the auxiliary wardrobe.

When the locking mechanism for the secret passage is accidentally compromised, the two of them are trapped inside, waiting on Stede's crew to find them. Of course, this could take anywhere from several hours to several days.

Luckily, Stede's brought tapas, and there's plenty of things one can do to while away the time inside a wardrobe.

What happens in the auxiliary wardrobe, stays in the auxiliary wardrobe.

Author's Note:

- Translation into Українська available: [Тобі личить мое кохання](#) by [Zavrja](#)

hello gay pirate friends! this show has overtaken my psyche!

I watched the auxiliary wardrobe scene like 5 times to write this. this was no hardship i love these pirates.

There were some parts of piracy that Stede Bonnet was simply made for.

For instance, taking the demon pirate Blackbeard through his auxiliary wardrobe in more detail, pointing out the benefits and flaws of each piece, listing occasions on which it could be worn, and what it could be paired with for best effect.

This might not be a part of piracy in the strictest sense, but Stede divided his life into 'hellishly ordinary life', and 'piracy', and this certainly would not be categorized as 'hellishly ordinary'. As such, it must be a facet of piracy, even if it was Stede's own unique brand of Gentlemanly Piracy.

They were making a whole day of it, brandy and hors d'oeuvres, and Stede had even arranged a special selection of garments in colors that would complement Ed's complexion, in case they ever needed to attend a formal gathering. They'd made a promise to avoid those, but Stede did enjoy causing a fuss, and Ed looked incredibly handsome in rich, dark purple. There was a certain pride in having been the one to dress him in something so lovely.

"What I don't understand," Ed said, looking over the collection of items Stede had pulled for him specifically, "is how you say this color is better on me than on you. It's just a color." He was referring to an overcoat in a deep forest green, almost black in the right light.

"Well, come here, step into the light." Stede walked toward the window adjacent to the door, drawing Ed alongside him in the tiny area of space where daylight was cleanest. He pulled up his sleeve to expose his forearm, which was rather ungentlemanly of him, but Ed would forgive him. He stepped up beside Ed, putting his forearm beside Ed's bared, tattooed one, and draping the sleeve of the coat over both their arms. "It's a matter of contrast. On me, this green is far too dark—I am a man made for pastel colors, it seems—but on you, it brings out the warmth in your complexion."

"I see," said Ed. "And that means you don't think *I* could pull off the pastels?"

"Oh, no, my dear man, you'd look wonderful in anything, but it's a matter of what looks *best*." He nudged his shoulder against Ed's and turned his head just slightly to face him. "And I look best in a lovely sky blue. Your color, let's think..."

"Black?" Ed suggested, the shape of any smile hidden behind his beard but his eyes crinkling with a gleam of humor.

"Oh, no. Far too somber. I was right to dress you in violet for that party. Yes, violet. A rich, strong color. You know, it was once exclusive to kings."

"That bit certainly doesn't suit me."

"I think you'll find it does." Stede couldn't help the softness in his voice, like saying '*you wear fine things well*' .

And just like that night, Ed leaned closer to him. This time, they weren't a few steps from one another on the deck of the Revenge, they were already shoulder to shoulder, so their foreheads nearly brushed.

"Edward?"

Ed jolted back, as if he'd been stung.

"Sorry," he said, referring either to his reaction or to the little crash that followed it. He'd backed into something. "Ah, shit. Sorry."

"No, no, it's quite alright, it's simply... it's simply..."

Well, it was simply the wall sconce. Unfortunately, said wall sconce was the mechanism that would unlock the auxiliary wardrobe door from this side.

"Ah. Bugger." Stede fiddled with the mechanism, hoping that he could pop it back on, but 'bugger' had been the right turn of phrase, because it was truly, well, buggered.

"I could probably break the door down," Ed offered.

"I was going to suggest calling for help," Stede said.

"Yeah... thing is, neither of those are very interesting." Ed was giving him that look again, the one that had once preceded '*want to do something weird?*' "Stede. How long would you wager it'll take the crew to find us?"

"Well, first they would have to realize we're gone," Stede noted.

"Izzy's probably already gotten that taken care of." Ed trailed his fingers down the shirtsleeve of one of Stede's summer linens. "I estimate... sunset."

"Sunset?" It was only a few hours past noon. "It'll be sooner than sunset, that I am certain of."

"Then I believe we have ourselves a bet." Ed's grin was obvious this time, showing his teeth. He extended a hand.

"I believe we do," said Stede, clasping his hand firmly.

Now.

There was the matter of what the two of them ought to do until sunset-or-whenever-the-crew-finds-out.

They started by continuing their lesson, but even Stede was not an endless font of knowledge about menswear, and he ran out of things to say. Then, Ed put on one of Stede's linen shirts and his dressing gown, and Stede pretended not to catch Ed pressing his cheek against the cashmere.

They ate the rest of the food—Ed was much more interested in Stede's tapas than the Spanish navy had been—and drank most of the rest of the brandy. By the time they were seated side-by-side on the floor with their backs against the wall beside Stede's 'autumn vibe' section, Stede was starting to fear he'd lose his bet.

"Ed." He elbowed Edward in the side. "Say, Ed. We never discussed what we were betting."

Stede was, admittedly, a little more tipsy than he would normally allow, as he was a captain and a professional. Ed had proclaimed himself 'pissed' half a glass ago.

"Mmm," he groaned, tilting his head back to look at the ceiling of the closet. "Can I keep this robe if I win?"

"Is this a portion of some elaborate plot to slowly steal all my clothes?" Stede asked. He tugged on the end of the black cravat Ed had taken to wearing along with his own, much more fearsome battle jacket.

"You don't seem entirely bothered by it," Ed remarked. "You can steal something of mine if you win. The leather trousers look particularly good on you."

"Ugh, no. Those are a nightmare to take on and off." He'd had to peel himself out of them like he was a particularly sweaty orange.

"I know. There's a reason I sleep in them." Ed ran his palms over his thighs. "You get used to it."

"Yes, I suppose you must," Stede said, his fingers straying (without his mind's say-so, he might add) over the well-worn leather, where it creased

around Ed's knee and then where it was soft and smooth over the top of his thigh.

Ed leaned his head back against the wall with a particularly loud thump. "Keep doing that, and I'll think you've started trying to get me out of my trousers."

"Well, you were trying on clothes." He'd helped Ed into and out of a half-dozen outfits already.

"You don't feel a man up to get him dressed."

"I'm not feeling you up," said Stede, whose palm was flat on Ed's thigh now. If he snatched it away it would be admitting guilt.

"Yeah, you sort of are though."

"I'm doing no such thing. Is this any different to how I would touch your shoulder?" He squeezed, a familiar, friendly affection, even if the location differed.

"Yes."

"You're just saying that to be belligerent." He traced a crease in the leather. "What's the difference, then?"

Ed's eyes rolled open, slow, not all the way. He observed Stede from beneath his lids—he was slouched enough that Stede was above him even while they both sat. "General proximity to my dick, mostly."

He didn't pull his hand away entirely, but he slid it down to Ed's knee, for the sake of, well, *proximity*. "Is that better?"

"No." Ed's hand came to rest over Stede's, slowly, resting heavy and flat, like he didn't quite know how to gentle his touch without almost letting go completely. Stede could slip his hand out from under at any moment, but he didn't.

"Well, then what would you prefer?" Stede asked.

“Depends on what you’d prefer,” Ed said, which was a very bullish way of answering. “I’d prefer it if it was less *proximity* and more *precise*, but, you know, only if you’re. Never mind.”

With that, he dropped Stede’s hand, and stood up, so Stede couldn’t touch him without lunging for him.

Before Stede could react, Ed was nudging open the trunk that sat beside the door, beneath an ornate mirror, going though all the hidden bits of Stede’s wardrobe.

“Never seen you in this one.” Ed pulled free a dressing gown in fuchsia and florals, a bright, colorful piece.

“Yes, well, I never quite had the confidence to pull it off. Edward, what was that about precision?”

“Seems to me like you’ve got the confidence to wear just about anything.” Ed shook out the robe and draped it over Stede’s shoulders, considering. “Yeah. I think that’s your color.”

“Really, Ed.”

“Yeah, sure. I was educated by a professional, I know how to tell this sort of thing.”

“*Ed* ward.”

“Stede.”

“By now you must be well aware of how stubborn I am,” Stede said. Ed’s hands were still clutching the front of Stede’s robe, frozen in the act of drawing it around him. “And you must conclude that I will not allow you to avoid giving me an explanation for your statement about *proximity* to your —your. Ahem.”

“Dick.”

“I was going to say ‘member’.”

“Good thing you didn’t, then.” Ed was still demurring.

He tried to remove his hands from Stede’s person but Stede caught them, trapping Edward’s palms awkwardly against his chest. Any more bluster would just give Ed liberty to bluster back. Stede had to be strong. He had to stare this man down, right into his dark, dark eyes, which darted back and forth as if he couldn’t take in all of Stede’s face at once. This stand-down may last hours.

In actuality, it lasted about a minute.

“Goddamit, Stede, what do you *think* it means?” Ed muttered, lowering his face as if he was trying to hide in his beard.

“Well, I may not be the most *aware* person when it comes to the courting rituals of pirates,” Stede said, thinking in particular of the time he was confused for a prostitute at the Republic. “But I think there’s something that’s not quite platonic about...”

Ed’s eyes finally fixed on him, the same heavy stare he’d given Stede when they first met. Like there was an answer somewhere in Stede’s eyes.

“About the way you look at me,” Stede finished.

“Suppose not. What are you going to do about it?” It carried the same energy to it as ‘*time’s almost up, it’s going to be your fault,*’ but this time, Stede wasn’t in Blackbeard’s borrowed clothes and borrowed identity, facing down death at the hands of the Spaniards.

This time, Stede was in a rather lovely new shade of pink, staring down a man who looked at him like he had an answer, feeling more like himself than he had in years.

Stede leaned forward and kissed Ed, mostly on his mustache but at least a bit on his mouth, which parted as Ed released a small, shocked gasp. Had Ed expected Stede to cry that he didn’t know what to do?

To be fair, Stede didn't know what to do. This wasn't like kissing Mary, because kissing his wife had been perfunctory and performative, the sort of thing one was supposed to do, just like settling down, having children, not running off and becoming a pirate.

Kissing Edward Teach was not the sort of thing one was supposed to do.

Ed responded with immediate passion unlike anything that Stede had ever tasted, putting a hand on Stede's shoulder and tilting his face to kiss Stede deeper. He backed Stede up against the wall tapestry, and Stede let him do it. The two of them, both draped in Stede's dressing robes, were more fabric than man, like an enormous wriggling blanket.

"What are you laughing about?" Ed asked him, as the two of them separated. He was still close enough that Stede could feel the low rumble of his voice just as much as he could hear him. "Stede, stop it—are you laughing at me?" If Stede was, then Ed was laughing at himself, for he was chuckling right along with Stede.

"No, it's simply—" Stede cut himself off, and shook his head. "I'm just happy, Ed."

"Good." Ed leaned their foreheads together, sighing. "Because I don't know what the fuck I'm doing."

"I fail to believe you're quite so inexperienced," Stede said.

"Well, no. I can kiss you, sure. I could get you off, easy. I don't know how to... I don't know how to do it kindly." Ed closed his eyes, his voice unexpectedly small.

"Yes, you do." Stede brushed a few loose strands of Ed's hair away from his face. "You treat me with kindness constantly. Go back to the part about getting me off, easy, though."

"Oh?" He looked at Stede again, like he was still looking for that answer, or like the answer had suddenly changed. "Need me to explain my euphemism again?"

"Not this time, no." Stede wound his fingers in Ed's cravat, giving it a little tug. Ed was the tiniest bit taller, Stede pulled him so they were level. "This time, I simply require you to pick up where you left off."

"Whatever you ask," Ed promised him, putting a hand on either side of Stede's face, his thumbs stroking down Stede's immaculately manicured sideburns.

This kiss was softer at first, but not for long. Then it rearranged everything Stede thought a kiss could be. It wasn't a simple press of mouth to mouth, which ceased once you got bored or tired, Ed employed the use of his lips and teeth and tongue—*tongue*—to great effect. There was also the matter of Stede never having kissed anybody with a beard before, and of Ed having quite a wonderful beard, which tickled Stede's chin and his neck and started to make him feel as though he was being engulfed completely by Ed. He did not mind that bit.

And then Stede decided he'd like to be the one doing the engulfing, and he grasped Ed by the shirtfront (his own shirt) and pushed him backward, only to spin him round in his moment of surprise and press Ed to the wall instead. The floral robe fell off Stede's shoulders, and Ed stopped kissing him a moment to nudge it away so neither of them would step on it.

If Ed had enjoyed pressing Stede up against a wall and ravishing him, he seemed to enjoy the reverse with much more gusto. He sagged back against the wall, making Stede press his weight against him to hold him up, opened his mouth and let Stede use his own tricks against him, willingly falling to everything he had taught Stede to do.

It was *powerful*. Sex had never been something powerful before.

Ed hadn't tucked in his shirt, which made it very easy for Stede to put his hands up it, clasping Ed's waist. On the left side, he felt puckered scars beneath his hand, the ones he'd seen when Ed dressed and undressed. On the right, smooth skin with the minute ridges where the ink of his tattoos sat beneath the surface.

Ed started to kiss Stede's neck, which was patently unfair for several reasons. One, Stede could hardly return the gesture, as it was difficult to even find Ed's neck beneath his beard, and two, it left Stede's mouth free to say all manner of foolish things, like "oh, *heavens!*" and, "Edward, *please*," and, "if you don't stop, this is going to take rather a turn into—"

And then Ed stopped. He was breathing so hard he was almost growling on every exhale. "What?" he asked.

"Mm?" said Stede, robbed of his loquaciousness by rather a different application of tongue.

"A turn into' what?"

Arousal had become rather a foreign feeling for Stede in recent years, which he'd been given to understand was simply what happened when one went from becoming a rowdy youth (although Stede was hardly ever rowdy as a youth) to a gentleman. But here it was something tangible, something he could lick out of Ed's mouth and feel in the stiffness in Ed's trousers, muted but not disguised by the layer of leather.

"Stede. Here." Ed put one hand on his waist and then let it drop down, squeezing his backside, which felt much better than Stede could have possibly anticipated. Then, he drew Stede forward, forcing them tight together at the hips, and *that* felt even better than Stede could have possibly *imagined*.

Stede made a positively *embarrassing* sound. Hopefully the crew was not actually looking for them, because if they came anywhere close, they'd certainly hear that.

"*Christ*, I knew you'd feel good but I didn't—god, Stede. Do you know how much I want to wreck you right now?" Ed asked him.

From the way he was moving, Stede had an idea, but he couldn't express more than a whimper, his face pressed into Ed's shoulder, breathing in tobacco smoke and leather.

"I could, too. I could take you to the ground and destroy you, make you fuckin' see god, but I'm not gonna, because I want this to be good for you." He hissed out an oath, like he'd caught himself saying something he didn't intend to. "Anybody ever make you come just like this?"

"No, but— *ah*, it seems you are endeavoring to."

"Hell yeah, I am." He cupped the side of Stede's face in one hand, thumb pushing at his jaw to get Stede to tip his head back. "Let me look at you. God, you're pretty."

"Preposterous." Stede laughed, then gasped, then gave another moan that was too loud for company. "The most handsome man I've ever met, and he's calling me pretty."

"And he's correct." There was a glimmer of appreciation in Ed's eyes. A glimmer of something else, too. Stede watched the contrast between the dark of his mustache and the white of his teeth as Ed bit his lower lip.

They moved together, holding each other, hurtling toward a mutual end—Stede had felt orgasms with far less force than this lead-up. God only knew what the main event, as it were, would entail.

Was this the sort of romance in the writings of the great philosophers? Was this what Plato referred to when he spoke of a love that made two men feel as if they were one being, that made them want to lay down their lives for one another?

Well, that was all a bit much for a handy in a closet, wasn't it?

Ed pushed back for a moment, but it was only to undo the buttons that did up Stede's trousers with a series of deft flicks of his wrist, shoving his shirt out of the way and baring what may well have been the only part of Stede that mattered, at the moment.

Ed started to touch him, skin on skin, and Stede couldn't look down to where the act was taking place. Curse his fastidious upbringing, but he

might faint dead away if he saw Ed's hand around him—if he saw *Ed*, naked—that was going to be a challenge, wasn't it?

So Stede closed his eyes, leaned on Ed's shoulder, and let himself focus on the feel of it, and on the low, resonant encouragement that spilled from Ed's lips.

Eventually, there was an added sensation that snagged his attention, something hotter than Ed's hand.

Stede looked down, and quietly said, “*Christ*,” because that was Ed's cock against his (and there was no fussing about wordage this time, not even in his mind) and Ed's hand around them both.

“Dunno if I absorbed all your color theory,” Ed said, his voice tight, strained, “but I think we look good together.”

“I—oh. Yes. You're right.” Stede caught his breath again. Despite being entirely free of profanity, this was the most vulgar thing he had ever heard Ed say.

“You want a go?”

“What?” Stede asked, but then his mind caught up to what Ed was suggesting. “Oh. Yes, if you think—if you'd like that.”

“Fuck, if I'd like it. *If I'd like* it. Do it. Touch me.”

Stede did not remark that he was touching both of them, actually, because he was too busy trying to remember the pace at which Ed had done it and subsequently trying to match it.

“Is this? Good?” He searched Ed's face for answers, but Ed wasn't meeting his eye.

“Course it's good. But just—do it like you would to yourself.”

“Aha. Indeed.”

“You do do this to yourself, yes?” Ed looked up at him and then Stede had to be the one to break eye contact.

“Not often.”

“What, not gentlemanly enough?”

“No, just—no impetus to,” Stede huffed, hardly believing the fact that they were discussing his masturbatory habits while he was trying to get Ed off.

“No, that’s no good,” Ed said, “you’ll get all backed up like that, you know?”

“I do not.”

“Never mind, just—here.” Ed, in the same manner in which he took over questioning hostages when Stede wasn’t quite forceful enough, took matters into his own hands.

‘Matters’ being both their cocks, and Stede’s hand around them.

“Yeah, like that, see?” He drew his hand away as Stede started to catch on. There was something about this, about Ed instructing Stede in the same way he educated him in piracy, that made it more familiar and more attractive simultaneously.

“Ed, I think I’m—“

“Close? Me too.”

It was hard to be sure. He’d felt just this aroused the whole time they’d been touching one another, and this was more like... like he simply couldn’t hold on.

“That’s it, love.”

“*Edward,*” he cried, finding himself as swept away by climax as he would be by a stormy sea.

Ed continued to touch himself as Stede tried to find his way back to shore, and while Stede couldn't be sure (closing his eyes so often was perhaps a bad habit) the noises he made, high and strained and gorgeous, were enough of an indication.

Afterward, his breathing slowed, and all he said was, "fuck."

He kissed Stede again. Oh his mouth, then his jaw, then his neck. Between these, he muttered, "I think we've found something," kiss, "you take to quicker than," kiss, "piracy," kiss.

"Heavens, no, I'll certainly need more instruction."

"Can teach you. If you want." He spoke in that low grumble which meant he was trying to pretend he didn't really want something when instead he absolutely, totally, completely wanted it.

"I would love nothing more," said Stede, willing to go along with Ed's whims most of the time but especially when they were such as this.

"Yeah, next time we'll actually get our clothes off." Ed started doing up Stede's trousers for him, which was a particularly welcome gesture. Stede had a strange urge to take note. He would go to his private diary with that, he expected, not Lucius. "That way you won't make such a mess of my shirt."

And a mess they had made. "That's my shirt," Stede corrected him.

"Oh. Yeah. Well, good thing you have like a dozen."

"Yes, although I can imagine it could be washed—"

"*Cap'n!*"

A loud call from Stede's cabin broke their conversation and the mood in general.

"*Cap'n! Is tha' ye in there, or does your ghost now haunt the walls?*"

Stede groaned, massaging his brow. “It is I, Mr. Buttons,” he called back.

“Giving up the game that easily? I’ll not count that as a win,” Ed informed him, stripping off his shirt to hide the evidence.

“*Show yourself, phantom!*”

“Buttons, no, we’re in the closet!”

“*Nae, Lucius said you were no longer!*”

“What? We are!” Stede went to the door, knocking on the opposite side of it. “You know what? Just retrieve Oluwande!”

“*Are these yer final wishes?*”

“Ah, yes! Yes they are! And they must be completed! Posthaste! Edward, stop laughing.”

Stede heard footsteps retreating, and could only assume Buttons was following his instructions from beyond the grave.

“Olu’s gonna get us free?” Ed asked, still laughing in little stifled wheezes.

“Yes. I can trust him not to divulge anything about the auxiliary wardrobe,” Stede said.

“Good, good.” Ed dropped the soiled shirt and stepped closer to Stede. “I like having a place I can have you all to myself. “I’m inclined to keep the auxiliary wardrobe our little secret.”

Author's Note:

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